

## There Goes the Neighborhood Part I

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Summary: Based off my old neighborhood and a real dream, I, Agent 0017, have made my first Fanfiction.

## There Goes the Neighborhood Part I

**\*\*There Goes the Neighborhood\*\***

A Halo fan-fiction

By Agent 001/7

1523h, July 14, 2006 (Standard American calendar)

Portland, Oregon, USA (Earth)

It was a beautiful summer afternoon. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, it was a perfect day to sit in the basement and play Halo 2. The upstairs door of Franks home opened and shut, so he called up, thinking it was his mother returning from grocery shopping.

"Hi mom," rang up into the kitchen. He paused after realizing there was no answering call. "Mom," Frank replied, "That you?" Again, no answer. He got up and took a look. "Mom?" Nothing. As he got to the top of the stairs, he expected to see large Costco boxes and bags, but what he saw was something much less expected. It was an Elite.

Frank quickly hid down behind some of the stairs hoping he, or much rather "it", hadn't seen him. Luckily he was granted with that much as he sat staring at the beast. It stood with a Carbine rifle in its hand and the handle of an Energy sword strapped to its side. Its armor was bright gold, signifying its high rank. The skin was jet-black with what seemed like scales running along its unprotected arms, legs, and stomach. It stared at the environment of Frank's kitchen, probably thinking how primitive their technology is. He ran

downstairs as quickly and quietly as he could. Sadly the quietness failed as his door slammed and he heard the Elite prancing down to meet him.

Frank stood against the wall of his room with a mixture of fear, amazement, and a wonder of why he wasn't thinking of how he should kill it sprinting around his brain. Sadly, the only thing he had as a weapon was his MP5-A5 air-soft gun he had gotten for his last birthday. He quickly loaded it with as many pellets as he could and was greeted with the snarling roar and squid-like face of the golden Elite as the door slammed open.

They stood face-to-face with guns pointed in each others face. He clicked the safety off his own weapon as he whispered, "Get offa my planet, freak." Frank squeezed down the trigger and was granted with small colored balls blasting in the aliens face. Many of the semi-auto bullets crashed into the alien's eyes, as purple ooze drizzled onto the carpet. Its screams of pain caused it to drop its rifle. Frank scooped it up as fast as he could, examined it for a moment, finally found the trigger, and blasted the beast with all his might. Even as the beast fell over, he continued blasting until the weapon seized fire due to it popping its ammo clip out. After the magazine was changed, he grabbed its spare weapons. Walking out of the room, Frank kicked the aliens head (what was left of it) and taunted, "And stay dead."

"Frank? What happened?" He was greeted with the plea of his sister, Katie, as she came out of her room adjacent to his.

"Take a look at this," He replied.

"What are you-oh my god!" She was stopped after witnessing the body of the mangled Elite lying in a pile of its own blood in front of his room. "What is that?" She cried.

"Elite. Class 3. I have no idea how or why it's here, but if I've learned anything about these guys from playing Halo all day, is that 'You are never going to find one Covenant without finding a bunch more.' Cummon; we should warn the rest of the neighborhood."

They made their way outside after they checked the rest of the house. Going out the back door as quietly as they could, they moved around the porch. Seeing no Covenant around the rest of their house and making sure the dogs were safe inside, they got beside the garage. Frank used the 2x scope attachment on the rifle to check for anything that would spurt blue or purple blood. He found a few Grunts and Jackals. They weren't heavily armed, but were dangerous nonetheless. Frank told Katie to stay put. He lifted the Carbine up, took aim at a Grunt, and made the first shot.

The creatures head spouted into a blue fountain as the shot pierced through its little, gray head and spouted its blood. As its friends took notice and returned fire, Frank and Katie took cover and sneaked onto the other side of the garage. The aliens didn't notice their cover change and continued fire at their original spot. Frank handed a plasma grenade to Katie.

"Think you can stick them?" He asked.

She chuckled and activated the explosive. "You're on." The grenade

was tossed, the aliens stopped to watch it fly, Katie and Frank prayed, and they were rewarded with a screaming Jackal with a blue fuzzy blob stuck on its head. A blue-white explosion reflected in their eyes. They listened for any return fire, and sighed with relief at the silence. With the coast clear, they moved out and picked up a few more weapons. They decided it was time for some reinforcements.

"We need reinforcements," Frank stated.

"Good idea. But who do we know who can operate plasma weapons and knows almost everything about these guys?" They stared at their neighbors homes, almost all of whom knew everything about Halo. "Good idea," Katie implied.

"You get Kyle and Preston. I'll get Justin, Ryan and Reid."

"Right." As they ran as fast as they could, Frank reached Justin and the brothers, Ryan and Reid. After being convinced due to the blood, bodies, and weapons, everyone was outside and armed with what was available, they were all debriefed, set into positions, and were ready to get in an effective resistance set up.

1602h, July 14, 2006 (Standard American calendar)

Portland, Oregon, USA (Earth)

Ryan and Frank set up a private communication system using Covenant armor. They were all in positions as Preston, the team sniper, detected two Covenant Phantom drop-ships pulled right in front of Justin's house. After making sure that the Phantoms were out of range and they had unloaded all of their cargo, Preston opened fire with his Covenant Beam rifle.

The enemy returned fire without any idea where to shoot as the heavy weapons specialist, Kyle, fired his Fuel-Rod cannon into a trio of Grunts. The aliens knew they were in trouble as an Elite activated his Plasma Rifle.

The rest of the human resistance burst from their cover and killed everything on site. Luckily Justin figured out how to give the humans energy shielding like the Elites. The aliens' jaws dropped when hits failed to kill the humans, but only until a Jackal was shot with a plasma charge and killed. The battle raged on as plasma flew everywhere. All seemed over for the aliens as the last Grunt was disarmed, knocked onto its back, and stabbed through the skull with the double blades of Franks Energy sword.

A cheer was let out by the resistance. It was over. At least, that's what they thought. A purple dot in the sky seemed to head toward them. A check with a Covenant binocular proved it to be one last Phantom.

"Everyone, take cover; Covenant drop-ship on approach. As soon as it leaves, kill whatever it spits out at us," Frank barked over the private radio channel. Cover was taken as the Phantom approached, but what they saw sent a chill up their spines. Hunters. Two of them. Standing in the middle of the road with their feet making imprints in the pavement. They looked around and barked at each other in deep booming bass tones as if starting up a conversation. The human team

was signaled to move around into safer positions. Reid took aim with a Needler and fired 14 of the pink crystals into the back of one of the monstrosities. Before it or its brother could realize what was happening, the needles exploded, taking a chunk of the beasts orange back with him.

The assaulted Hunter dropped dead. Its brother howled in grief, raised the spines on its back, and fired the high-powered Fuel-Rod gun attached to its arm straight at the source of fire. Luckily, Reid moved from that position long ago. An assault was led as the humans sprang from their cover and blasted the walking tank.

As 4 humans distracted the beast, the other 3 fired at its exposed back. After most weapons were expensed of all ammo, the Hunter continued to attack as if the weapons never touched him. Frank was trying to think of a plan, when he noticed the Fuel-Rod gun Kyle had still carried one last shot.

"Kyle!" Frank yelled, "Toss me your Fuel-Rod!"

"Alright." Kyle passed the weapon down to Frank as he ordered them to run. The Hunter looked at the escaping humans and attempted to kill them with his own weapon. He almost made a shot untilâ€|

"Hey, ugly!"

The Hunter turned. He found who was making the call. Frank. Standing there with a Fuel-Rod gun in his hands. Frank raised the weapon and took aim. The beast charged straight for Frank as he thought, \_"This is it. The fatal shot. Hit this and the battle is won. Miss and we're minced meat."\_ The Hunter charged and sweat trickled down Franks face. It swung the shoulder-mounted shield straight toward him. Instead of the sound of shattering bones which it expected, it heard a steady \_whoosh\_ as the shield cut through thin air. It looked around to find its target, and sadly it found him. With an empty Fuel-Rod gun and a green-white blob flying in front of him. The Hunter smiled.

It was about to join its bond-brother.

The ball slammed into its chest and burned it apart. The beast fell, and the last thing it saw was the human raising the butt of the weapon and bringing it down upon its face. As Frank wiped the sweat from his brow, he gave a thumbs-up to his friends. They all cheered. As they all congratulated each other, Frank and Katie's mom drove into the driveway. She came out toward the group, gaping with her eyes wide at the bodies.

"What's going on here?" She asked.

"Nothing," Frank replied, "Just playing Halo."

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file.